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From the Cashier.

THE FIRST OF JUNE.

ADMITTED TO MR. —

Occasioned by seeing her a long time.

The first of June, the first of June,

How sweet it is, how it appears;

Even now it is the first of June,

As it is a day in other years.

Even now her lovely light is east.

Our land and field, as when we met;

And when I gaze upon the spot,

It is the same, as when we met.

The quiet, the money, rest,

By nature made for love's retreat,

And think of moments spent with thee,

Though much loved, towering tree,

All! how can I forget.

Ah! can I ever forget the hour,

In love's all-saint, sacred bower.

When I am gone,

No more shall death's retreat,

Thus fond heart shall I have ceased to beat;

No, never till my memory

Shall sadly cease to dwell on thee,

And home and home, and all are east

As when we met,

Shall forget the noisy east.

The moonlight eve, and love's retreat,

The lonely walk, the antique door,

With love's own name upon it,

Affection's voice, and love's retreat,

To win the gentle soul to love;

No! did I strive in vain—to me

That didst come—oh, ecstasy!

The blissful words that never, never

Should ought on earth our fond heart sever.

Ah! those were days of happy youth;

It was pure, it was, words were truth;

I had no care, I had no thought;

To an the lovely flower, then fling

Upon the earth to die.

Oh! I have the same pure

And holy love, that endures,

From boyhood's early day I gave

Myself to thy waiting love;

I did not feel a bliss or care,

That didst come—oh, ecstasy!

No love from other lips, no smile,

Could stir thy silent hours beside;

To go at midnight I have stode,

To gaze on thee, with all my soul—

Thy love, thy love, thy love—

To muse on love, and worship love.

Oh! this is in the human heart,

A cord, that vibrates in our youth,

It can't be more joy import.

More peace, more pleasure, and more true,

Than other years they ever prove,

That fond heart, that fond love,

Yet broken once, it must remain,

It can't vibrates again.

Thus hath it been, that thou I known

It is to be forgotten, too;

Myself to thy waiting love;

I've taught most bitter misery;

I say thy love, thy world's charms,

Give grace a realm's arms—

I am a suppliant before thy wing,

And feel, I am a suppliant thing.

A work, off on 'tis dark ride,

To perish, without limb or guide,

And since that hour I've been,

Heaven gave me joy;

Assuredly, a paradise.

First made me doubt thy sacred word,

Which had pledged, and love had bound,

And now I have a sager at rest.

End in misery.

Since that dark hour a dreary gloom,

Hath made my life a living tomb,

The flowers bloom not so brightly now,

As when I waited for the love,

That didst come—oh, ecstasy!

Bring not the blow thy brought with thee;

I say thy love, thy world's charms,

Give grace a realm's arms—

It is to be forgotten, too;

Myself to thy waiting love,

I've taught most bitter misery;

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